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Reprise

When he was peeling the banana with trademark slowness, the lone woman couldn't contain. "I drove almost a hundred miles to see you, hoping that you'd be the same, not hardened or cynical like everything else, or just an actor. Had to abandon my car after a flat and tell the AAA just fix it! Then I walked here on the median, over the mufflers and blownout tires and the usual filth of beercans and worse."

She inhaled to admire the makeup, flour white face, huge cherry red lips, royal blue blotches on his cheeks. Even the slight gray at his temples had been meticulously layered, and matched the cheeks.

In front of him the teachers relented and followed the children to Bascom-Robbins for ice cream. Behind him at the mall's entrance, three striding teenage girls abruptly shrieked at a joke they had carried from the parking lot. One yelled above the laughter "Oh yeah? Well I'll tell you one thing I think! I don't care what he thinks! And you just see how I...! Anyways, if he likes me he should..."

Now it was just the woman and the performer, who finished peeling the banana and carefully ate it while folding the skin over and over in his other bright glove. This finished, he stared at her a long moment, eyes glassing. "I AM Skippy Diddles!" he finally announced.